

HOST. Here's goodly stuff toward !

FAL. Give me my rapier, boy.

DOL. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

FAL. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.]

HOST. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So : murder, I warrant now.-----Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [Rweunt PISTOL and BARDOLF &.]

DOL. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

HOST. Are you not hurt ʒ the groin⁵ ? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLFH.

FAL. Have you turned him out of doors ?

BARD. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

, FAL. A rascal! to brave me !

DOL. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops :—Ah, rogue ! T faith, I love thee. Thou art as valourous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain⁶!

" I hate this lothsome life,

" O Athens draw nie

el Intwist v^c thred of mortall strife

el Send death, and let mee die.*

STEEVENS

5 Are you not hurt i' THE GROIN ?]

Falstaff had promised to marry Mrs. Quickly who on this occasion appears to have had the widow Wadman's solitudes about her STEEVENS

6—AH villain! Thus the folio: the quarto reads—a villain.

which I once thought might be right* and that she meant Pistol But I have observed that a is frequently printed in the quarto copies for ah : the reading of the folio is

therefore certainly right.